

From the Cleveland Leader.

TRUTH OF HISTORY VINDICATED.

LETTER FROM MR. GIDDINGS TO JUDGE TANEY.

our Declaration of Independence. Through

approved.

at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. In

the role, whatever it may be, in language speech [c]ip

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SALEM, OHIO, APRIL 4, 1857.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

LISTENINGS.

The wind, which, some hours since was driving through the pines, and descending the slopes of the Rocky Mountains; which mourned across Kansas, trumpeted of freedom in Minnesota, and howled over the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, has come to night against our sheltered home in the openings, filling all the space between earth and sky with its tumultuous, onward march. It is a brave heart, and brawny muscle that can, unflinchingly, meet it face to face, in an open encounter. I confess to a sometime bowing of the head and bending of the will, before the strong wind, which "bloweth where it listeth."

The icy, ruthless blasts of winter are almost gone, now that Spring comes to rule the earth, and from her hand the winds are sent northward and eastward with a somewhat softened, and more generous buoyancy. In the security of my chamber, I hear its wild music, as it passes the window and roof tree, and oft listen, not always in vain, to its voice, active and purifying, searching and everywhere penetrating, unfettered and unquenched, the voice of the wind is not without its lesson and inspiration.

Although few are endowed with that fine perception, which discourses a correspondence between the musical scale and the prismatic rays, and hence while listening to the performance of a grand musical composition, revel also in a creation of harmoniously combined colors, yet musical sounds give delight to every hearing ear, even though dull with idleness. No sound can be heard without producing an effect upon mental action. Each class of musical instruments seems to give a characteristic style of vibratory motion to the atmosphere, producing like corresponding effects upon the auditory waves and spiritual emotions of the hearers. Thus we tell of the ruder-kept instruments, which give only horizontal, monotonous vibrations, we receive pleasure from the often delicate, and gracefully curving lines which flow from the flute. The feelings are overwhelmed in the resonant waves poured forth by the full toned organ, but among stringed instruments we find those most capable of scope and variety of vibrations. Of these, the violin is most common, and its charm when skillfully played, is universally admitted. With its tones, thought wanders through long past ages, or moves onward toward an illimitable future; then it speaks plaintively and sorrowfully, it reaches the depths of "dark despair." Again with hope and joy, it rides triumpantly, and, as if borne on an angel's wing, we penetrate the mysteries of a sublimer, diviner existence.

Every life has a melody within it, and each life is a note in the great choir of the created Universe. Some, surely, are oft discordant, some are formed on a minor key, and take a correspondingly somber hue, others are high-toned and fiery with thought and passion.

Some take hold on all the details of life with such a well balanced comprehension, that it is evident they represent the whole octave of the "natural scale," while others, more bluster, and hasten along like a vigorous old fuge.

The life of one who dwelt with some moans only, was typified by a bird song, another's passed through many years like the simple, glad murmurs of the clear, unfading rhyolite by the hill side. The memory of many young and beautiful, who have gone to a brighter home, is like the echo of a sweet serenade heard from afar at summer twilight. A few are noble chants, sounding with stern integrity, intellectual power, and moral heroism. They are inevitable leaders in the battle of freedom, which, in some form, mankind are always fighting. The martial life of political cliques may deafen many to their call, still it will not fail of recognition and response. As their tones, so full, and unflinching, proclaim the justice of justice and the injustice of wrong; they mingle like parts of a grand anthem, and there is a prophecy that all nations and all tongues will yet add their voices, making one unbroken, world-wide concert, whose constant acclaim of true lives will be "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality."

Truth, with unerring accents outfloweth unto every world and for all intelligences, and that which cometh to man it is his privilege to hear and learn, for it comprehends all of his existence, its relations and dependencies. In proportion as mind receives its knowledge becomes wisdom and through the guidance of wisdom the inner life, and hence also, the outward life becomes less discordant. Thus likewise are the affections expanded, strengthened and elevated, and from regarding self, or the home circle exclusively; the reception of truth directs of narrow prejudice, and brings a well founded appreciation of the fact of human brotherhood. "True friendship" has, in all times, been a favorite theme, but its reality and permanence are the result of immutable principles, which being alike comprehended by different persons, cause their sympathies to flow responsively. Truth is the bond of spirit life, which neither time nor eternity can sever, it is the vital element of those lives, which know the best love.

The wind has not ceased to blow this dreary night, but as it bears on its course over the darkened earth, it is, to the listener, a voice, which tell eth of the triumph of an infinitely mightier power, the truth which reaches all, which purifies all.

A. E. L. R.

March 19, 1857.

SPAIN BEFORE THE FRENCH CONQUEST.

Though its people were endowed by nature with heroism, intelligence, and greatness of soul, it was, however, the most backward of all Europe in its institutions. The struggle, at once national and religious, which it had to maintain against the Moors, to conquer its territory and independence—thus combining in one flame of enthusiasm its faith and its nationality—had left upon its character an impress of violence and superstition, in which the priest, the soldier, and the executioner were mingled, as it were, in the same individual, and their respective qualities summed up together in the Inquisition, a perpetual auto-da-fé, suspended over conscience and liberty, and invented by the war of Spain to purge the soul, had indurated the character of the Spanish people. Cruelty, sanctified by religion, human victims burned for their belief by a slow fire at the stake, offering up as a spectacle and a holocaust to heaven and to men, had stifled all feelings of humanity in this nation.

It had still further hermetically sealed up Spain against every ray of intelligence and liberty from the rest of Europe; science and civilization were only known there as words of evil; philosophy hid itself there as a mystery, and brooded as a vengeance; its manners were depraved; its monks reviling the middle age—in one place possessors of all its wealth, in another sacrificing mendacity; the court itself was only absolute over the people in virtue of its subjection to the priesthood. The sacerdotal police had the power of citing even the conscience of its kings, and did not withhold its hand before the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Egyptian in its institution, African in its character, and Italian in its manners, such was Spain—Lamar-tine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

Translated from Heinrich Heine, by Leland. How vague and wild—yet how many pictures does it summon to the mind's eye! What a tone there is about it! Heine is the Rembrandt of poets.—Boston Transcript.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And look'd at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one, in the light-house,
The lamps shone out on high;
And far on the dim horizon,
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors and how they live;
Of journeys' twist and water,
And sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair;
And the wondrous beings,
And curious customs there.

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
Which are launched in the twilight hour;
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small;
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter, and scream, and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanish'd,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

MAY BE SO—A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

"Next time you go out, you'll buy me a wagon, won't you, mother?" said my little boy to me one day.

"I didn't want to say 'no,'" and destroy his happy feelings, and I was not prepared to say "yes," and so I gave the evasive reply so often used under such circumstances—"May be so," and which meant rather as a negative than an affirmative. The child was satisfied; for he gave my words the meaning he wished them to have. In a little while after, I had forgotten all about it. Not so my boy. To him the "may be so" was "yes," and he set his heart confidently on receiving the wagon the next time I should go out. This happened to be on the afternoon of that very day. It was toward evening when I returned. The moment I heard his pattering feet and gleeful voice in the entry, I said, "Where is my wagon?" said he, as I entered, a shade of disappointment falling suddenly upon his excited, happy face.

"What wagon, dear?"

"My wagon. The wagon you promised to buy me."

"I didn't promise to buy you a wagon, my son."

"O yes, you did, mother. You promised me this morning."

"I promised to buy you a wagon? I am sure I remember nothing about it," I replied, confidently. "What in the world put that in your head?"

"Didn't I ask you?" said the child, the tears overflowing his cheeks.

"Yes, I believe you did ask me something about a wagon; but I didn't promise to buy you one."

"O yes, you did mother. You said, 'may be so.'"

"But 'may be so' doesn't mean 'yes.'"

At this the little fellow uttered a distressing cry. His heart was almost broken by disappointment. He had interpreted my words according to his own wishes, and not according to their real meaning.

Unprepared for an occurrence of this kind, I was not in the mood to fully sympathize with my child. To be met thus, at the moment of my return home, disturbed me.

"I don't stop crying about it," said I, seeing that he had given way to his feelings, and was crying in a loud voice.

But he cried on. I went up stairs to lay off my things, and he followed, still crying.

"You must hush now," said I more positively. "I cannot permit this. I never promised to buy you a wagon."

"You said, 'may be so,'" sobbed the child.

"May be so," and "yes," are two different things. If I had said I would buy you a wagon, and you would have been some reason in your disappointment, but I have said no such thing."

He had passed to lie down; but as I ceased speaking, his crying was renewed.

"You must stop this now. There is no use in it and I will not have it," said I, resolutely.

My heart broke down for a few moments, at this and half-sufficed his grief; but overmastering him it flowed on again as wildly as ever. I felt impatient.

"Stop this moment, I say!" and took hold of his arm firmly. My will is strong, and when a little excited it offends him beyond where I would go in moments of reflection. By my way of speaking, he saw that I was in earnest, and if he did not obey me, punishment would follow. So, with what must have been a powerful effort of his young soul, he stifled the utterance of his grief. But the storm and eddies within him were less violent, and I could see his little frame quiver as he strove to repress the rising sob.

Turning away from me, he went and sat down on a low seat in the corner of the room. I saw his form in the glass as I stood before it to arrange my hair, and after laying aside my bonnet, and for the first time my feelings were touched. There was an abandonment in his whole attitude; an air of grief about him that affected me with pity and tenderness.

"Poor child," I sighed, "his heart is almost broken. I ought to have said yes, or no; and then all would have been settled."

"Come," said I, after a few moments, reaching my hand towards the child, "let us go down and look out for father. He will soon be home."

I spoke kindly and cheerfully. But he neither moved, looked up, nor gave the smallest sign that he heard me.

"O well," said I, with some impatience in my voice, "it doesn't matter at all. If you had rather sit there than come down into the parlor and look for dear father, you can please yourself."

Turning as I spoke, I left the chamber and went down stairs. Seating myself at a window, I looked forth and endeavored to feel unconcerned and cheerful. I saw nothing but the face of my grieving child, and could think of nothing but his sorrow and disappointment.

"Nancy," said I, to one of my domestics who happened to come into the parlor and ask me some questions, "I wish you would run down to the store, next block, and buy Neddy a wagon. His heart is almost broken about one."

The girl, always willing when kindly spoken to, ran off to obey my wishes, and in a little while came back with the article.

"Now," said I, "go into my room and tell Neddy that I've something for him. Don't mention the wagon; I want to take him by surprise."

Nancy went bounding up stairs, and I placed the wagon in the center of the room, where it would meet the child's eyes on the moment of his entrance, and then sat down to await his coming and enjoy his surprise and delight.

After the lapse of about a minute, I heard Nancy coming slowly.

"Neddy's asleep," said she, looking in at the door.

"Asleep?" I felt greatly disappointed.

"Yes, ma'am. He was on the floor asleep. I took him up and laid him on your bed."

"Then he's over his troubles," said I attempting to find relief for my feelings in this utterance. But no such relief came.

The wagon in my hand, I went up to the chamber where he lay, and bent over him. The signs of grief were still upon his innocent face, and every now and then a faint sigh or sob gave

evidence that even sleep had not yet hushed entirely the storm which had swept over him.

"Neddy," I spoke to him in a voice of tenderness, hoping that my words might reach his ear.

"Neddy dear," I've bought you a wagon."

But his senses were locked. Taking him up, I undressed him, and then, after kissing his lips, brow and cheeks, laid him in his little bed, and placed the wagon on the pillow beside him.

Even until the late hour at which I retired on that evening were my feelings oppressed by the incidents which I have described. My "may be so," uttered in order to avoid giving the direct answer my child wanted, had occasioned him far more pain than a positive refusal of his request could have done.

"I will be more careful in future," said I, as I lay thinking about the occurrence, "how I created false hopes. My yes shall be yes, and my nay, nay. Of these cometh not evil."

In the morning when I awoke, I found Neddy in possession of his wagon. He was running with it around the room, as happy as if a star had never been upon his cheek. I looked at him for my minutes without speaking. At last, seeing that he was awake, he bounded up to the bedside, and kissing me, said:

"Thank you, dear mother, for buying me this wagon! You are a good mother!"

I must own to have felt some doubt on the subject of Neddy's complaint, at the time. Since this little experience, I have been more careful how I answer the petitions of my children, and avoid the "may be so," "I'll see about it," and other such evasive answers that come so ready to the lips.

MAKALOLO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

From the narrative of Dr. Livingston, the celebrated African explorer, we learn of some strange people and strange customs as existing in that region which was marked on our school-boy maps as "Ethiopia-unexplored." The Doctor first visited the Makalolo, a fine race of negroes, peaceable and industrious. We learn from him the following facts in regard to their domestic relations:

In most heathen countries, the women are the slaves and drudges of the men, but it is quite otherwise with the Makalolo. Amongst them, the woman is superior in authority. A husband, for example, can do nothing without the permission of his wife. If he wishes to buy or sell anything, before the bargain is struck, he will say, "But I first ask my wife," and if she does not consent, he will not dare to dispense her. Indeed, the ladies will sometimes beat their husbands when they are displeased with their conduct. But this is carrying things to too high a hand, and therefore they are punished for so doing. But the punishment is rather odd. It is this. The wife is obliged to go to the middle of the town, and then to take her husband upon her back, and carry him home, amidst the shouts of the people. Bitterly does she curse the culprit's part, and as she goes along with her load she will cry out to her, "Give it to him again." If a young man marries, he must leave his own village and go to live at that of his wife. He must also provide firewood for her mother as long as she lives; and this is the respect he requires that he must never sit down with his feet towards her. Some of the men, however, have several wives, and though the husband must consult them, they have to feed him. But sometimes when he displeases them, they stop the supply. In that case he will go to one for a dinner, and she will send him to another.

And so a third and a fourth will be refused to satisfy him. The poor hungry husband will then climb a tree in the midst of the town, and cry out in a piteous voice, "I thought I had five wives, but I find I've got five witches."

They have a curious way of forming what they call blood relations. It is this. Two persons make small cuts in their hand, over the heart, and on their foreheads, from which they draw blood they will then mix the blood in beer, and drink it. From that day they are blood relations and dear friends as long as they live.

A TERRIBLE FUEL.

A few years since, a New England gentleman, whose name we shall call Brown, was passing a few days at a hotel in one of our Western cities, he had the misfortune unintentionally to offend the susceptible honor of a tall militiaman, who was one of his fellow-boarders. His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent to him, which, however, he declined, upon conscientious scruple. The colonel, who by the way, had won in two or three encounters, quite a reputation as a duelist, and once convicted of this offense, was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him in the face of all the assembled wisdom of the house. Accordingly, the next day, at dinner time, in marched the duelist, armed with a cowhide, and, advancing to Brown's chair, proceeded to whip him with the handle of his cane, in a most unbecoming manner. "Excellent," cried the colonel, "that is the way to do it. Brown was astonished. Luckily, he had been lieutenant of militia in his native State, and he knew the importance of maintaining his enemy by a diversion. Seeing a gray tureen, he tossed the contents into the face of the belligerent, and before the latter had recovered from the drowning sensation thus occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him with a liberal hand the contents of the dishes around.

"You are an infernal—"

"Toward the colonel was about to say, but at that moment a plate of green stock fell upon his mouth, and the word was blocked, lost forever!"

"Ha!" cried the New Englander, whose blood was now up, "fond of greens, are you? Take a potato, too?" and he hurled a telling volley of hot potatoes at the colonel's head. "Excellent," cried the colonel, "that is the way to do it. Brown was astonished. Luckily, he had been lieutenant of militia in his native State, and he knew the importance of maintaining his enemy by a diversion. Seeing a gray tureen, he tossed the contents into the face of the belligerent, and before the latter had recovered from the drowning sensation thus occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him with a liberal hand the contents of the dishes around.

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Others suppose the Pyramids to have been associated with worship; in conjunction with which, it may be mentioned, that in the Sandwich Islands, Ellis, the missionary, saw a solid pyramidal structure, in front of which the images were kept, and the altars fixed.

But the greater number of writers ancient and modern, believe the Great Pyramid to be the tomb of Cheops the alleged builder; Maillet, in 1790, added, that the chambers were built for shutting up the friends of the deceased king with the dead body; and through the holes on each side of the Central Chamber they were supplied with food, &c.; yet more absurdly, an old Muehah, in 1799, told Bonaparte, when in Egypt, that the object was to keep the buried body uncorrupted, by closely sealing up all access to the outward air.

Another ingenious theory ascribes the Pyramids to the Shepherd Kings, a foreign pastoral nation which invaded Egypt, in the early times of the Pharaohs. Wilkinson says:—

"I do not pretend to explain or decide the real object for which these stupendous monuments were constructed, but feel persuaded that they have served for tombs and have also been intended for astronomical purposes. For though it is vain to look for the pole star at the bottom of a passage descending at an angle of twenty-seven degrees, or to imagine that a closed passage, or a pyramid covered with a smooth and inaccessible casing was intended for an observatory; yet the form of the exterior might lead to many useful calculations. They stand exactly due north and south, and while the direction of the faces to the east and west might serve to fix the return of a certain period of the year, the shadow cast by the sun, or the time of its coinciding with their slope, might be observed for a similar purpose."

Aristotle's opinion, now generally adopted, (vol. v. 13) is, that the Pyramids were built "to keep the people well employed and poor;" it suits tyranny to reduce its subjects to poverty, that they may not be able to compose a guard; and that being employed in procuring their daily bread, they may have no leisure to conspire against their tyrants."

Baron Dupin calculates that the combined action of the steam engines at work in Britain, some twenty years since, could raise from the quarries, and place as they now are, all the stones of the Great Pyramid in eighteen hours!

THE DEW.

"Mamma," said little Isabel, While I am fast asleep
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep.

"For every morning, when I wake,
The glittering dew-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flower's eye.

"I wonder why the grass and flowers,
At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
And seem all day so glad!"

"Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down,
They fear the gathering shade,
And that is why they cry at night,
Because they are afraid."

Mamma, if I should go and tell